## Shake Hands With

## Santa Claus 10,000 Toys

From 5c to 25c From 35c to 75c From \$1.00 to \$10.00 Goods Delivered Promtply.





Diamond Street Methodist Episcopal Church cordially invites you to the following services: Sunday school—9:30, C. N. Martin

Superintendent. Sermon-10:45, "No Room For Him In The Inn."

Hayman Greenhouse Co Watson Hotel Bldg Both Phone

Jr., League at 2:30, Miss Daisy Wat and Mrs. Ralph W. Johns, of Hutch ins will have charge and the children lason, W. will render a Christmas program.

Epworth League at 9:30.

At 7:20 the officers elect of the Ep-worth League will be publicly installed by the pastor, and Dr. O. Dale King, District superintendent, will preach -the League will attend this service in a body-everybody welcome.

Monday beginning at 10. a. m., the Morgantown District Ministerial Association will begin its annual sess'on in this church; topics of general interest will be discussed by the pas-tors present morning and afternoon, and at 7:30, Rev. Dr. Ewing, Pastor First Church Morgantown, will preach All of these services are open to the

Frayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 Cottage prayer meetings Teusday evening, places will beannounced later. Come and worship with us.

J. B. Workman

Pastor.

NOTICE.

Mrs. Jenkins, teacher in the Pri nary Department, of the First M. O. Sunday school, requests that the parents either bring or send the children to Sunday school Sunday as it is great ly desired that all members be present

Will go to KANSAS.

Mrs. John S. Scott and daughter Miss Pearl, will leave next Wednes day for Kansas City, to visit the form ers sister, Mrs. Thomas Hall.

Entertained Club.

Mrs. Carl Springer, of Guffey Street was hostess to the Geisha Girls Club and a few invited friends last even-A very enjoyable evening was spent with needle work and a choice course of refreshments was served.

RETURNED FROM PARSONS. Miss Lutie Baker returned Wednes-day evening from Parsons, W. Va., where she was called by the death of her father.

GO HOME FOR HOLIDAYS. Miss Winnie Musgrove will go to her ome at Bunners Ridge, for the holi-Miss Viola McElfresh will go o her home at Winfield tomorrow to nend the holidays.

A son was born Wednesday to Mr



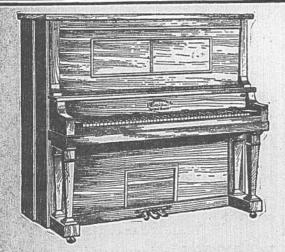
Artistic Electric Percolators, Toaster Stoves, Disc Stoves, Frying Pans and Chafing Dishes are always appreciated most as a Christmas present by people who care to prepare an appetizing meal at a current cost of 2 cents. Try our \$2.75 Guaranteed Irons on approval. Christmas Tree Festoon Lamps, \$2.00, wired complete. Portable Lamp, gas or elec-

Complete line of Electric Toys.

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Come Early.

Open Evenings.



# **Christmas Specials**

We are offering a fine Player Plano for \$255.00, Including Bench and 2 Dozen Rolls. This player has not been out quite one year, and was sold for \$550.06. It looks and plays like new. Come In. See and Hear it.

We are offering used upright planos, in good condition, as low as \$65.00. Our Stock of new planos and players, are complete, We have the largest Stock of fine instruments that we have ever before been able to offer. Come in and see them you can buy them before been able to offer. Come in and see them, you can buy them at the right price and our terms are liberal. Open evenings.

We also have a large stock of Player Rolls, are the latest selections—we are glad to play for you.

KELLEY-GOUDY CO.

PERSONALS.

Mrs. Ray Warner has been quite ick for several days.

Mrs. Willis Leons and daughter, Ruth, of Colfax, spent Thursday in this city.

Margaret Morrow, of Guffey treet has been sick the past few days. SSsrhdxxxe.us (s2..M., fshretaoinshr

Miss Esther Barnes, who is attend-Benton Ferry tomorrow to spend the

James Kelley is ill at his home or East Park Avenue Edith Hall, of Pittsburg Avenue,

s recovering from an attack of scarlet

have returned from Fairview, where they were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Carpenter. Mrs. James Hall is recovering from

few days illness.
Miss Mildred Robinson, who has een ill of tonsolitis, is recovering.

## THEY DECEIVE WITH PICTURES

Favorite Method of the Catalogue Houses.

#### THE FARMER AND THE COW

Would He Buy One From a Picture? Mail Order Houses Use Exaggerated Drawings and Paintings Instead of and Nothing Is Said About It.

[Copyrighted, 1914, by Thomas J. Sullivan.] A book with pictures and a book without pictures differ nearly as much as a room with windows and a room without windows, for pictures are loopholes of escape to the soul, leading it to other scenes and spheres where th€ fancy for the moment may revel, re freshed and delighted. They are windows of imprisoned thought.

A picture is invariably an exaggeration of the object reproduced, and, generally speaking, to please it must de-

Of Deceptive Value.

The deceptive value of drawings or paintings over photography is recognized by no one more fully than by the great catalogue houses, hence their adoption of the most expensive method of displaying their goods to the public, well knowing that photographs tell the truth, so far as a correct pictorial re-production is concerned, and would not be conducive to good business methods when the goods offered are faulty.

How many farmers would think of buying a cow from a picture in a newspaper or catalogue, with just a name and description production. name and description under it? course the description would say that the cow was a fine black and white weight 800 pounds and so many hands high, free from blemishes and offered at the reduced price of \$39.97 because of a spot cash deal with a stock farm which failed.

There is as much sense in a pur chase of that nature as there is for a farmer to buy a buggy, "our own brand," at \$24.70 when he can get the real article from his home dealer for \$25 and have the privilege of inspecting it before buying. And no freight

Did Farmer Consider Everything? While talking to a farmer the follow ing was gleaned: "Farmers, as a rule do not like to send their money to Chicago or any other place for their goods. They would rather buy of their local merchants if their prices are not out of reason. Merchants generally buy the cheapest, whether in Chicago, New York or Asia, no matter how much of brother—mother!" their goods where they can get them goods the farmer has to sell. The price is the first and last consideration. They fix the price of what he sells as well as what he buys. Can the farmer be blamed for buying where he can get the best bargains? He wants to enjoy the same privilege as the merchants do. Fair play is all he wants."

A Business Injustice

But did the farmer who made the above remarks take everything into consideration? Did he remember that while the local business men are maintaining markets for the farmers, assisting in making roads to these markets and doing all they can to help the farmer, the mail order houses that have not a cent invested in his vicinity do not buy a dollar's worth of the farmer's crops nor contribute a cent to the welfare of the community? Yet they are getting a goodly portion of the local trade, and business men naturally feel that it is an injustice. It is, and the only way to overcome it is by ADVER-

Visit to Country Town.

Merchants should publish a comparison of their prices with those of the retail catalogue houses—fight them with their own weapons. While visiting a country town recently the writer made some investigations and discov-For example, a Chicago mail order house was selling 100 pound grindstones mounted for \$3.10. The local merchant sold the same article for \$3.25; freight from Ohicago, 55 cents, making the mail order article cost \$3.65; seam roofing, \$2.85 in Chicago and \$2.90 from the local merchant, freight 15 cents per square to be added to the \$2.85, making it \$3 delivered; washing machines, \$3.85 against \$3.75, freight 25 cents to be added to the \$3.85. These are facts which every merchant can prove and keep right on proving all the time.

By AUGUSTUS GOODRICH SHER

Two young men, summer boarders of Farmer Raiston, seated in a ham-mock on the old-fashioned porch of the house, sprang to their feet elecing school here, will go to her home at trically. The dull even trend of their rural surroundings seemed to welcome any break in the monotony that was the rule.

"A fire?" spoke Randal Boyd, his interest spurring up. "Some excitement! Where is it, Mr. Ralston?" for the old farmer had come rushing around the corner of the house in a Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Carpenter great state of perturbation.

"It's down at Grove Hollow, and it's either the house or the barn of the Merrill folks. It looks like the

"It is a blaze!" spoke Ned Alton, as they ran to the side of the house and observed what had startled the farmer. "Let us hurry, Boyd; we may be of some help."

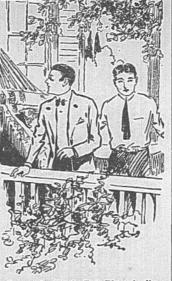
"Why, we left there only an hour ago," observed Randal Boyd. "I hope our charming young hostess has met with no mishan."

It was of the dainty, winsome Nellie Merrill that Ned Alton was solely thinking in connection with the fire. She was in the mind of his present companion as well, but not to the same extent. Both were interested in the levely little fairy who had been an element of decided attraction during the outing of the two young men. With his flashy brilliant ways, heir

to a fortune and socially prominent, Randal Boyd had the lead in the race. Ned had decided. He could not stop loving Nellie Merrill, however. was the first time his real heart had been involved. It was a pleasure yet a pain, for he was a mere clerk in the employ of the big city business house Photographic Reproductions-Stung of Boyd & Co., while his friend, and he feared, his rival, was the favored son of the proprietor.

Randal Boyd was not usually in

clined to over-exert himself, but in the present instance he had an energetic pilot, and from sheer pride kept up the swift pace set for him. reached the Merrill place to find Nellie and her mother, pale and agitated, beloing the father and brother carry



Sprang to Their Feet Electrically.

out of reach of the flames such articles as they had been able to save from the burning house. The entire front of the building was ablaze. Boyd ran to the well, excitedly seized bucket of water, made a wild dash, ran into Mr. Merrill and went flat to the ground, his impetuosity having rather a ludicrous termination.

"What can we do?" inquired Ned rapidly to the trembling girl he loved. "The rear part of the house is not yet ablaze. Is there anything we can save?"

"I fear not." tremored Nellie. "No,

most a shriek. Jhe had turned to look one district to another. One day reat a heap of bedding near by. Two cently a soldier was on his way back minutes before her little sister Ruth, to Kirin city, the capital of the provcarried asleep from the house, had Ince, when he espied a large tiger

swooning away.

back into the house?" cried Nellie. Ned alton caught the half fainting his faws wide open, the soldier form of Nelfie in his arms. The conjammed the rifle with all his might form of Neiffe in his arms. The con-iammed the rifle with all his might tact of that beloved form electrified through the mouth, against the base

"I will find the child."

He caught the echo of the bells of the village fire wagon hastening down its side and breathing its last. the road. He observed Boyd just aris. plucky soldier rode to the capital, 30 ing to his feet, drenched and discom- miles away, and reported the incident fited. Then Ned made a dash for a side entrance to the house.

The flames had not yet reached that part of the building, but the smoke was thick and suffocating. Ned was unfamiliar with the upper portion of Wide World Magazine. the structure, but he breasted his way to a landing. Then he noticed beyond an open doorway a lighted lamp, and started in that direction.

It was a sleeping room, and despite the dense clouds of smoke pouring outlines. A lighted lamp stood on a

CASTORIA For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years Aways bears Carthillions

stand. Ned thrilled at an impressive picture its rays disclosed.

Pulling over the disturbed covers
of a trundle bed near to a larger one. was a little night-gowned figure. Ruth was crying, her eyes half blinded by the smarting smoke.

"Why, Ruth!" spoke Ned; "what are you doing here?" are you doing here?" .
"I'm looking for Betty, my pretty
dolly," sobbed the little one, "and I
can't find her. Maybe she's burned

up! And it loses me to be in all this smoke—oh, my! oh, my!" "You sit right there for an instant, Ruth," directed Ned, lifting her to a chair. "I'll find dolly for you."

In a minute or two he discovered the coveted doll on the floor under the trundle bed. He restored Betty to Ruth. A glowing radiance in the hallway warned Ned that he had no time to lose if he would not be overtaken by the flames, and the stairway route of escape cut off. A glint of tewelry lying on a bureau, however, had caught his eye. Ned ran towards

There was a pin he had seen Nellie wear, and there lay her watch and chain. He slipped these articles hastily into his pocket. Some laces, preclous to his heart because they belonged to Nellie, followed.

Upon the stand where the lamp stood, Neille had apparently been writing a letter when the fire started. She had abandoned a little keepsake memorandum book, a ring and a gold mounted penholder. Ned thrust these also into a pocket of his coat. he ran towards Ruth and snatched her up in his arms. A hot blast swept his face as he reached the corridor, but he shielded the child as best he could. Some way, although half suffocated, he managed to get down the stairs and into the open air.

"Oh, we thank you! We thank you!" sobbed Nellie, as the little one was brought to her.

Her hand clutched at that of the rescuer with fervor. Her warm glance thrilled Ned. He hurriedly handed to her some of the articles from his pockets-all of them, he thought. Neighbors cared for the family now and the fire wagon finally saved about half of the building.

A telegram was received by Boyd next morning, calling him back to the city. Ned did not go with him. He promised to go on the evening train, but he must see Nellie at least once again. An hour later, to his surprise, her open her mouth and say to her he found in a pocket of his coat a lady friend: ring and the memorandum book he at, Mamie?" saved from the fire.

It would serve as a good excuse for calling on Nellie to return these. The book fell open in his clasp. Ned could not help but read the only page written on. It was headed: "People whom I like." A long list of names followed. That of Randolph Boyd was among them. His own, too, butscratched out!

Then he had never held her com plete favor? He was grim, but re-signed, as he restored the book to Nellie. It was on the porch of the house where she was staying.

"I am sorry you are going away, Mr. Alton," she said. "I regret it, too," replied Ned, ser

ously, "for my brief stay here has been most pleasant. I hope you will remember me-as a friend." Nellie started. She fumbled the book in her hand. Then, aroused, she

glanced at the written list.
"Mr. Alton," she spoke, a str ige quiver in her voice, "you-you saw

"I could not help it." "Oh, do not misunderstand!" she pleaded. "I-I that is, your name-oh,

cannot you understand?"
Understand what? His heart gave one wild throb. Her drooping eyes told the story. His name had been erased from the list she "liked," because he was one of those-the only one-she loved!

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.) GOT THRUST HOME IN TIME

Soldier's Presence of Mind, Together With a Little Luck, Saved Him From Death.

In the mountainous province of

Kirin, formerly one of the three prov-inces of Manchuria, dispatches are by soldiers, who ride coming toward him. Dismounting, he "What is it?" inquired Ned, solic aimed as best he could with a rifle Itousiy. not of the most modern pattern and "My sister, Ruth! She is gone!" fired. The animal, though wounded, And Nellie seemed on the point of was not disabled, and sprang in a fury toward the soldier. Fortunately for "She woke up just now," faltered the man, he kept his head, and with Mrs. Merrill. "I heard her ask for the rifle tightly clasped and supported against his chest, awaited the oncoma, mother! can she have gone ing of the animal. Just as the tiger into the house?" cried Nellie. wash ready for the final spring, with of the skull. The force of the animal's "Take her," he spoke to the mother. spring as he rushed forward no doubt helped to end the struggle, for in a to his commander. Half a dozen other soldiers then accompanied him to the spot, and between them the animal was carried home and photographed

Her Specialty. "If the Mary of the old nursery rhyme had been a new woman she vould have found her place in Wall

street. "Why so?" "Because she always had a little lamb in tow."

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Harry R. Cole

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This cider has been tested b the Prosecuting Attorney of Morgan County and was approved by him as being non-alcohol

Mon. Dec. 21.

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